Baltha. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speede.

Portia Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies sought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Fathe
not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Iessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deede, so
of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by f
mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall int
your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Iessica. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made m
stian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christ
before, in as many as could well liue one by another: th
of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all t
eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for

Enter Lorenzo.

Iess. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you say, here

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, i
get my wife into corners?

Iessica. Nay, you needs not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcele*
out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen
I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good m
the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christ
raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the common-we
you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moor
child by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more
son: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is inde
then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I t
best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discou
commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra,
prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, than
prepare dinner?